The Downfal of the RUMP.

NOW Loyal Tories let us ſing,
For this will be a happy Spring:
'Tis Tories now will have the Day,
No more Rump Parliament I ſay.
They have cauſed the Nation's Diſcontent,
Down with the Rump Boys, Down with, &c.
Down, down, down, down,
Let's have a High Church Parliament.

Let Churchmen now in Peace be crown'd,
And loyal Healths go briskly round,
Let Bonfires blaze the Rump to burn,
Leaſt further Miſchief by them's done.
They have cau,'d the Nation's Diſcontent, &c.

Let's have a Parliament that's juſt,
No more to Presbyterians truſt:
Liberty once more let's have,
A Tory Parliament ſo brave:
Then England will have true Content, &c.

They'd all Deſtruction on us bring,
Ruin both our Church and King;
They have almoſt brought in Forty Eight,
Had their Act have paſt of late,
We Quarantine we had all been ſeut, &c.

Let Turn-Coat Jack and all be hang,d,
That by the true Church will not ſtand.
The mobbiſh P——— whoſe antick Ways
Did ſhed much blood and fractions raiſe,
While they their Fate did much lament, &c.

Let's turn the Knaves out of the Pack,
The Play is fowl that they were at:
Now a New Game we will begin,
Turn Rumpers out and Tories in,
To ruin us was their Intent, &c.

We will not build on ———
—— noble Blood to ſpill;
We'll build up Churches e'ry where,
And ſtill maintain the Common-Prayer,
And ſtudy Britain's true Content, &c.

And ſo fill up a flowing Glaſs,
And round the Room boys let it paſs,
To bury now the whiggiſh train,
We'll fetch our Nectar from the Main,
And crown Great britain with Great Content,
Down with the Rump boys' down with, &c.
Down, down, down, down,
Let us have a High Church Parliament.